E 415
.A42
Copy 1

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. E415

Shelf .A42

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Numerous Engravings....12½ cts.

Mexican Treacheries and Cruelties.

INCIDENTS AND SUFFERINGS

IN THE

MEXICAN WAR;

WITH

Accounts of Hardships endured; Treacheries of the Mexicans; Battles Fought, and Success of American Arms;

The "Heroine of Fort Brown."

Also, an Account of Valiant Soldiers Fallen,

AND THE PARTICULARS OF THE

Death and Funeral Services in honor of Capt. George Lincoln, of Worcester.

BY A VOLUNTEER RETURNED FROM THE WAR.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK:
1848.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Lieut. G. N. Allen.

Dealers supplied at HALL'S, 66 Cornhill, Boston.

Troops embarking for the War.

Mexican Outrages upon Americans.

Frequent accounts have been published in the newspapers, of outrages committed against the persons and property of citizens of the United States by Mexican officers acting under the Mexican government, for the purpose of disabusing the minds of such of our people as imagine the Mexicans to be a wronged and injured people. Some of these outrages appear to have opened the eyes of such persons, and induced them to think that this faithless and cowardly nation have been punished no more than they deserve.

We have read many of these outrages, and we have been horror struck at the details of suffering which they present. No matter what party was in the ascendant, the officers of the Mexican Government hesitated not a moment in inflicting wrong and injury on our citizens, whenever it suited their purpose to do so. It is not once or twice that such outrages have occurred, but in hundreds of instances; and we think no government but our own would have remained so long without adopting the most stringent and summary means to obtain redress. In fact, European governments would have demanded reparation on the spot, and at the time, and it would have been better if our government had taken a similar course; for by doing so, the outrages would not have reached so large a number as they have.

The following case of outrage, resulting in the death of one of our most valuable citizens, occurred in the summer of 1832:—

At that time a Revolution had broken out between Santa Anna and the government, and the state government of Tobasco had pronounced in favor of Santa Anna. In order to suppress the Revolution, Bustamente, the President, sent a fleet, consisting of the armed schooner Vera Cruzana, and other vessels, with a military force, to Frontera,

where it arrived on the 29th of June. For the purpose of resisting the contemplated attack on Tobasco by this fleet, the Santa Anna party took forcible possession of the steamer Bellona, owned by citizens of the United States, and converted her into a vessel of war, and compelled her crew to navigate her, by threats of death in case of refusal. While the Bellona was professedly proceeding to attack the fleet of Bustamente, the brig John, of New York, Capt. Hughes, was seen warping up the Usumcenta river, near its junction with the Tobasco river; and the Mexican officers on board the steamer ordered her to proceed to the brig, and directed their soldiers to board her, for the purpose of practising them in that species of naval tactics. As soon as the steamer got alongside of the brig, the soldiers boarded her in man-of-war fashion, and in a moment her deck was crowded with Mexican soldiers, who seized the unarmed Capt. Hughes, beat and bruised him in a brutal manner—one of them going so far as to attack him with his bayonet; and concluded by breaking open the captain's trunk and robbing it and the vessel of the valuables they contained. As soon as the brig was ransacked, these ruffians, officers and men, dragged Capt. Hughes on board the steamer; but after a few days' detention, during which his life was many times threatened, he and a Mr. Gahagan, one of the crew, made their escape to Frontera, a distance of about twenty miles. On the 23d of July, a battle was fought between the opposing forces, in which the Santa Anna party obtained a victory, and succeeded in capturing the whole of the government army and fleet. Frontera fell into their hands, and Capt. Hughes, Mr. Gahagan, and another American citizen, Capt. Philo B. Johnston, were again made prisoners, and taken to Tobasco, where they were confined in the common jail till the 20th of August, when, at the demand of Lieut. Boenim, of the U. S. schooner Shark, they were released. The injuries which Capt. Hughes sustained from the ruffianly Mexican soldiers affected his brain, and superinduced sickness, of which he died on his passage home on board the Shark.

This was a wanton aggression, as all who read the account of it will admit, yet it is only one of a thousand equally as bad or worse. Now, we put it to the friends of the Mexicans, and to the editors of the journals which take their part, and insist on terming them a wronged and injured people, whether this outrage alone was not sufficient cause for war; and yet our government is charged with designing to wrong and injure them. What, we ask, would the governments of Great Britain or France have done, in case a similar outrage were committed on a citizen of theirs. They would have demanded reparation, and security that another would not occur; and in case of refusal, would have obtained it at the cannon's mouth.

Lo, the poor Mexicans! But the cringing and crying abettors of the Mexicans, have not a single tear to shed for our own citizens.

☞ The officers of Col. Doniphan's regiment state that throughout New Mexico unrestrained concubinage is a recognized feature of the social system, and that the obligations of wedlock are utterly unknown.

Mexican Barbarity in stripping the Americans left dead on the Battle Field.

An American officer at the Battle of Buena Vista, [pronounced *Wana Esta*,] writes as follows:—The first view that we caught of the Mexicans was, when they had turned the left flank of our forces, and were pursuing the Flying Infantry and Horsemen. Column after column succeeded, until they formed a dense mass, numbering something like twelve thousand men. No words can express to you even a faint idea of their appearance. Their arms, brilliantly burnished, reflected a million times the dazzling rays of the sun—their rich and gaudy uniforms stood out in bold relief against the soiled and tattered garments of our suffering Volunteers. Their Cavalry [Lancers] drawn up in beautiful style, in numbers from two to three thousand, and in lines the beauty of which the most accurate military observer could have found no fault with; and, added to this, that they were, for the time, victors, I assure you we did not look upon them with contempt. But when the quick ringing of our rifles sounded the death-knell of score after score of them, three hearty Mississippi cheers told full well that no cowardly fear paralyzed that little band. Rushing on, our small force would have scattered the retreating foe in all directions over the death-strewn field, had not our watchful leader, Col. Davis, perceived that we were about to be surrounded by an overpowering force, and ordered us to retire and rally.

Here an amusing circumstance took place. Major Bradford, (who is probably the most impetuously brave officer that ever drew a sword,) perceived us retiring, and thought we were defeated. He dismounted

from his horse and followed on slowly after us, exclaiming—"Shoot me! shoot me!" Some one called out—

"What the devil's the matter, Major?"

"Ah, kill me! The Mississippi Regiment has run, and I don't want to live another minute!"

But the gallant Major was quickly undeceived, for we soon re-formed, and although our ranks were terribly thinned by the killed and wounded, yet again was heard the deep voice of the noble Davis, "*Forward! Guide centre! March!*" The command was repeated by fifty voices, and with more steadiness and precision than the careless fellows were ever known to evince on a drill, they returned to the bloody contest.

* * * * * *

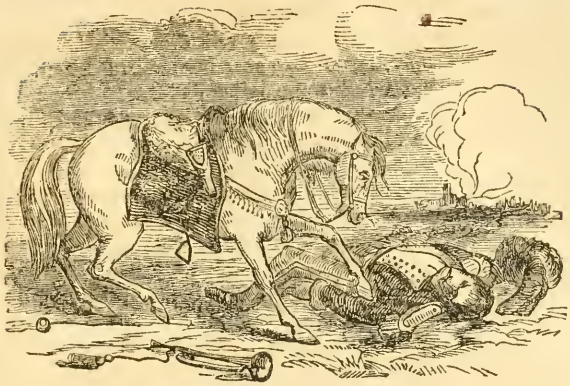
At one time during the night, we returned over the ground on which was made our first charge. We there saw the mangled bodies of our fallen comrades, and although animated by the excitement of the fierce contest that was just then to be renewed, yet I think there was not a heart among us which did not for a moment cease to beat on beholding that horrible scene. But for his straw hat, and a few other articles of clothing which the ruffians had left on him, I should have failed to recognize the body of young Eggleston. He was shot, stabbed, and otherwise abused. This was, indeed, the fate of all whom I saw. Lieut. Moore, and a man named Couch, of our company, were the only persons whose bodies I easily recognized.

After the battle, I rode over the whole field. Parties were engaged in burying the dead—but there were still hundreds of bodies lying stiff and cold, with no covering save the scanty remnant of clothing which the robbers of the dead found too valueless to take from them. I saw the human body pierced in every place. I saw expressed in the faces of the dead almost every passion and feeling. Some seemed to have died execrating their enemies, and cursing them with their last breath—others had the most placid and resigned expression and feeling. Some seemed to have died defending their lives bravely to the last, while others evidently used their last words in supplicating for mercy. Here lay youth and mature age calmly reposing in untimely death.

Passing on from this part of the bloody ground, I went over to the plain literally covered with the dead bodies of those who had so recently been our foes. This scene was horrible enough, God knows—but was divested of some of its horrors by the fact that not one of the Mexican soldiers was either robbed or stripped of his clothing, nor was there the least appearance of the bodies having been abused after being wounded. This, indeed, speaks much for the "barbarous volunteers of the United States of the North," as the Mexicans style us.

Among the hundreds of dead whom I saw there, I was much touched by the appearance of the corpse of a Mexican boy, whose age I should think could not have exceeded 15 years. A bullet had struck him full through the breast, and must have occasioned almost instant death. He was lying on his back, his face slightly inclined to one side, and, although cold, yet beaming with a bright and sunny smile, which eloquently told the spectator that he had fallen with his face to the foe.

Death of Major Ringgold.



This distinguished officer was killed at the battle of Palo Alto. After several hours' hard fighting, his ammunition becoming nearly exhausted, he rode a little to the rear of his men, for the purpose of giving orders for a new supply. At this time the sun had nearly descended, and the enemy had concentrated their energies at one point, and were making a most vigorous effort to silence the terrible eighteen-pounders and Ringgold's batteries. Col. Payne hearing his name beseechingly called by one of the soldiers, looked behind, and saw Major Ringgold stretched upon the ground, his favorite steed plunging and writhing a short distance from him. A six-pound shot had struck his right thigh, and passing through the holsters and upper part of the shoulders of his horse, cut through his left thigh, in the same line in which the ball first struck him, exposing, but not breaking the bones. He had received his death-wound, but so perfectly calm was he, that his face had not even lost its natural color; and, as his brother soldiers crowded about him, he waved them away, saying, they had work to do, and that they must go ahead; he then removed, with his right hand, the chain from his neck, to which was attached his watch, and handing it to Col. Payne, said, "Give that to my sister;" and after taking out his purse, and making the same request, he calmly awaited his death, which soon took place.

A Veteran of Napoleon's Wars.

A soldier, writing soon after the battle of Palo Alto, says:—As our battalion of artillery advanced, it came up to a private of the Fifth Regiment, a veteran in Napoleon's wars, who lay on the battle field with both of his legs shot off. He was one of the first that fell after the cannonade commenced; and after having escaped in the terrible conflicts of Wagram and Austerlitz, in the retreat from Moscow, and the battle of Waterloo, he lived to fall at Palo Alto, by a cannon shot from a Mexican battery. As his fellow soldiers passed him, and noticed the blood flowing from his wounds with every pulsation of his heart, they stopped for an instant to sympathize with him, but the brave fellow, as his eyes were glazing in death, waved them on, as with his last breath he said, "Go, comrades, I have only got what a soldier enlists for."

Horrid Butchery by the Mexicans.

One of those bloody and brutal acts which seem to be characteristic of the lower order of the Mexican people, was committed at Santa Fe. It appears that a detachment of seventy odd dragoons, belonging to the command of Col. Harney, left Jalapa in command of Lieut. Hill, with the intention of visiting a city some miles distant, to procure a further supply of horses. On arriving at Santa Fe, nine of the men were left behind in consequence of illness on their part, and the fatigue of their horses.

Lieut. Hill and his command continued on, feeling that those who were left behind were perfectly safe, and soon afterwards reached the city, where he has been detained, although it was his expectation that he would have returned the next morning. Nothing further was heard from the men for a few days, when news reached here, informing us that a large party of Mexicans had attacked and literally cut them to pieces, in the most shocking manner. One of them was killed on the spot, and five others were mutilated in such a manner as to strike any one with horror at the sight. Means of transportation were furnished, and the survivors were brought to the city as soon as possible. One of the number, however, soon died, and two others were reported as unable to survive their wounds during the night. The hand of one was cut off above the wrist; the abdomen of another was cut in such a manner as to allow his bowels to protrude. Another has several sabre cuts on his head, penetrating the skull, and the arms and bodies of others are hacked and mangled so as to render the description almost incredible.

Capt. Walker started immediately, accompanied by his Mounted Riflemen, in search of the murderers, and encountered a large body of Mexicans, whom he attacked, and succeeded in killing four.

Experience of a Massachusetts Volunteer.

Soon after the commencement of the present war with Mexico, a young man named John Miller, a resident of Salem, enlisted in the U. S. Dragoons, and was sent to the seat of war. We have been shown the extract of a letter dated "Hospital, Matamoras," addressed by him to his mother, in Salem. He states that he was in the battle of Monterey on the second day, when a 10 lb. howitzer shell, bursting over his head, killed two of his comrades outright, took off two of the middle fingers of his right hand, tore his right leg, and killed his horse. Soon after, he received a musket ball in his left breast, and another in the fleshy part of his left arm. While he was thus disabled, he was stabbed by a lancer in his left side. After lying three months in the Hospital at Matamoras, he at length recovered.

Ruffians.—"I am grieved to report a very painful affair to our citizens. Messrs. W. Train and Morris were attacked on the road, last Wednesday, by five Mexican ruffians. Mr. Morris was wounded in the leg so badly that amputation became necessary. Mr. Train was, I am pleased to learn, uninjured. The two succeeded in keeping the rascals at bay, until assistance arrived, when the Mexicans fled."—*Letter from Mexico.*

Fiendish Murder of a Catholic Priest.

Father Ray, (as he was familiarly called,) a Catholic chaplain long connected with the United States army, was murdered in a most barbarous manner, by a party of Mexican Lancers, on the road between Camargo and Monterey. What ignorance, combined with fanaticism will do, may be judged by the murdering of this venerable old man, a faithful minister of peace! True to his divine calling, he forsook friends and home, to make easy the couch of the dying soldier. He came with design of harm to neither Mexican or American, and was arrested in his divine vocation by those who choose the same mode of worshipping the Almighty. Strange infatuation!

Summary Proceeding.

A party of Mexicans having murdered several Americans at a rancho near Cerralvo, fifteen or twenty Americans made a descent upon them, and hung upward of forty Mexicans. Considerable property, and some valuable papers belonging to Americans who had been killed on the road, were found on the persons and in the habitations of the murdered Mexicans.

On the road from Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fe, writes an eye witness, are scattered innumerable wrecks of wagons and skeletons of both men and beasts—the bones of drivers and their cattle being left to whiten together.

Murder of Colquitt, and American Vengeance.

"Occasional murders of our men," says a letter from the seat of war, "have been perpetrated ever since we have been in the country, all killed by the lasso. The Arkansas regiment of horse, from their having been employed as scouts, and occupying the outposts, have been particularly exposed to this guerrilla warfare, and have lost four or five of their men. The day before yesterday, it was reported, that one of their number had been killed by the Mexicans, as he had been missing from camp since the day before, when he went out to look for his horse. Search was made for the body, and it was found about a thousand yards from our camp, with a lasso round the neck, and tied to a prickly pear, having been dragged some three hundred yards upon the face through the chapparel. It presented a horrible sight; the name of the young man was Colquitt, a nephew of the Senator. The Arkansas men vowed vengeance, deep and sure. Yesterday morning, a number of them, some thirty persons, went out to the foot of the mountain, two miles off, to an 'arreyo' which is washed in the sides of the mountain, to which the 'pisanos' of Agua Nueva had fled to upon our approach, and soon commenced an indiscriminate and bloody massacre of the poor creatures who had fled to the mountains and fastness for security. A number of our regiment being out of camp, I proposed to Col. Bissell to mount our horses, and ride to the scene of carnage, where I knew, from the dark insinuations of the night before, that Mexican blood was running freely. We hastened out rapidly, but owing to the thick chapparels, the work of death was over before we reached the horrible scene, and its perpetrators were returning to the camp, glutted with revenge.

"God only knows how many of the unarmed peasantry were sacrificed to atone for the blood of poor Colquitt. The Arkansas regiment say that not less than thirty were killed. I think, however, that at least twenty of them were sent to their eternal rest. I rode through the chapparels, and found a number of their dead bodies, not yet cold. The features, in every instance, were composed and tranquil, lying upon their backs, eyes closed, and feet crossed. You would have supposed them sleeping, but for the gory stream which bedewed the turf around them. In some instances, after the vital spark had fled, in the overflow of demoniac vengeance, the carbine ball dashed out the brains of its clayey victim. Death, in all its horrors, I have seen, and been familiar with from boyhood; but I could not feel the dread reality before me until Col. B. and myself rode down the 'arreyo' to where, from the curling smoke, we supposed the women and children of these poor creatures were secreted. We rode up. Fear and anxiety were depicted upon every countenance; the women crowded around us for protection; and, notwithstanding they were not more than half a mile from the scene of this murderous butchery, they were wholly ignorant of what had been going on. An old female, who looked as though she might be the grandmother of the whole, advanced to us, and in the most imploring manner, asked us to send back her husband and sons from the camp, where they supposed they had all been taken. I then told them that I feared their men had been killed. They soon com-

prehended my fears; and the old woman asked us to lead to the dead bodies; and, accompanied by two little boys of about two years of age each, we set out for the scene of murder.

"The second body we came to was that of a man about thirty years of age, who lay as tranquil as though he was in the sweetest sleep. One of the little boys, impelled by that instinct which seems to lead us into trouble and difficulty ere it is ready for us, outstripped his companions, and was the first to reach the body. He advanced stealthily to its side, gazed beneath the broad-brimmed hat, folded his hands upon his breast, and looked with dreaming earnestness upon the bloody victim of ill-timed vengeance. The heaving of his manly little chest, and the silent tears stealing from his dark eyes, and rolling down his cheeks, told too eloquently that the little fellow had lost a friend. I said to him, in the most soothing tone I could command, 'Do you know that man?' To which he replied, 'It is my dear father;' walked round the body, examined the bullet hole in the side, turned away from us, drew his sleeves across his eyes, and, without an audible sob or murmur, returned to the glen, where his mother, brothers and sisters were waiting to hear the tale of their desolation.

"It is but proper to remark, that the army condemns the bloody deed, and, but for the agency of Capt. Coffy, of our regiment, who rallied his men, and stepped between the victims and their executioners, seventeen others would certainly have been killed, who were brought by him into camp. Had the Arkansas men, in the first flow of their excited feelings, shot down a Mexican or two in retaliation for their murdered comrade, I could pardon, though not justify it; but the wholesale slaughter, I fear, will bring reproach upon the whole army."

A Prize Dearly Bought.

On one occasion, the Mexicans captured fifty baggage wagons, all of them empty except one or two, which contained the ammunition of the party from which they were captured. After this exploit, as the Mexicans were quietly reposing among the boxes of ammunition, not knowing what they contained, and quietly smoking their cigars, a spark suddenly communicated to the powder, and a terrible explosion was the consequence, blowing eight or ten of them into eternity. The whole party scattered, cursing the Americans, as they believed this to be a Yankee trick—a sort of infernal machine sent to blow them up.

Mexicans not anxious for Peace.

☞ The Governor of the Federal District of Mexico, in an address after the battle of Cerro Gordo, cries out:—

"War and war only. War to the death. War as it was waged by the Morelos, the Galeanas, the Matamoros. Let us die rather than negotiate. He is a traitor who seeks to divide us. He is a traitor who speaks of peace, who dares to propose the slightest truce." And again; "Mexicans! we are all one, and Mexicans only. Let us be unanimous; let there be but one cry, and let that cry be war. Perish the Anglo Saxon! Perish the Yankees!"

The Castle of Perote.

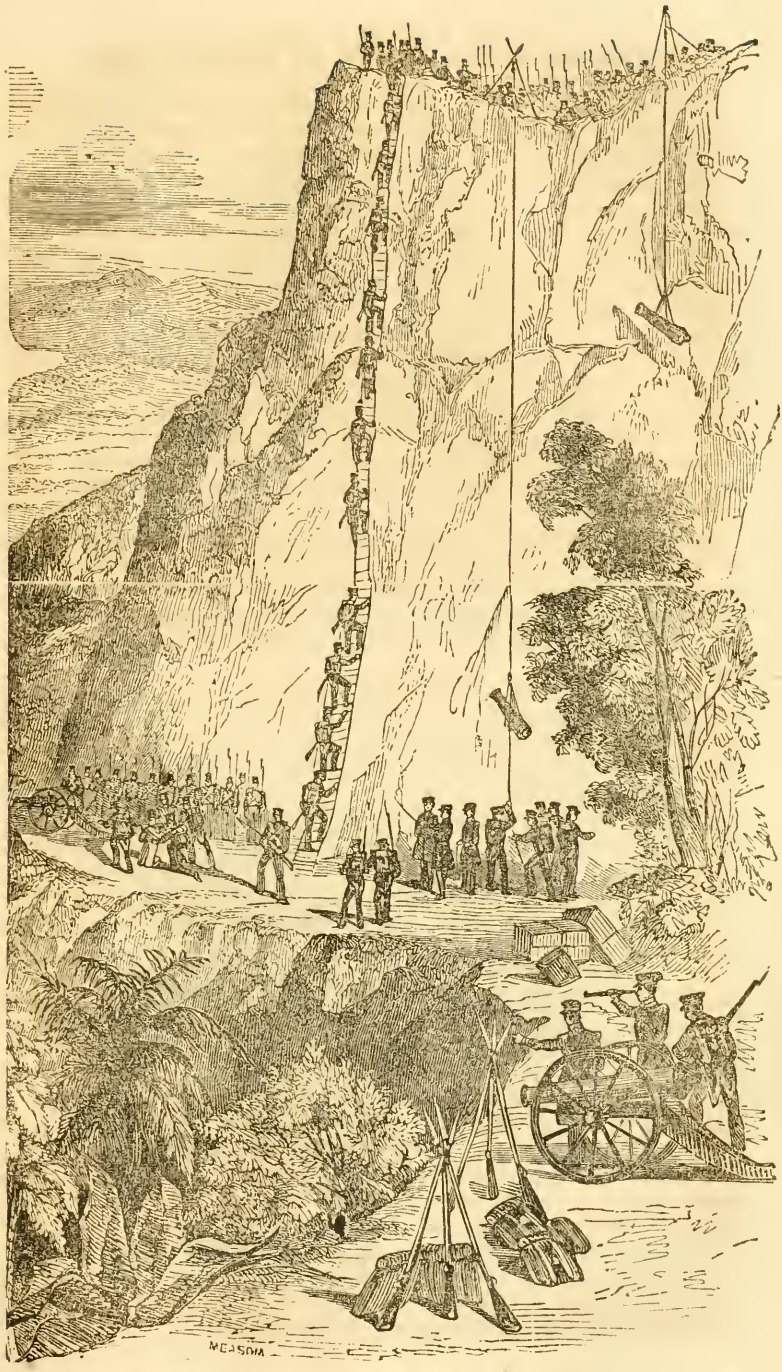
A Young Texan escaping from the Castle of Perote.

Perote is situated on a large prairie of 400 or 500 acres, near the "Cofre de Perote," a mountain about 13,000 feet above the sea. The streets are irregular, and paved over the whole surface from one side to the other. The population is about 3000, and they have the credit of being addicted to robbery and murder. The houses are generally one story, of plastered stone, with tiled roofs. None of them are handsome. The place contains two cathedrals. There is nothing of any interest to be found in the town. The celebrated Castle of Perote stands about one mile from it, on the same plain. It is a regularly constructed fort, rather than a castle, and is said to be equal, in size and style, to any of our own fortifications.

The Castle is built entirely of stone, and has 96 embrasures, although only about 50 guns were found in it. In the centre is a large and handsome edifice, of two stories, built in the form of a hollow square, with galleries and corridors opening upon a court about 200 feet square. It contains numerous offices, a small chapel, barracks for the troops, and stables for about 200 horses. The principal rooms are tastefully ornamented with various devices in plaster, and handsomely painted.

The guns are very old, and of but little value. Each one has its name cast upon it in relief, as, The Church, The Young Lady, Revenge, Opportunity, Thunder, Liberty, &c. There is an 18 inch brass mortar, bearing the Spanish coat of arms, and the date 1734. The whole is surrounded by a breastwork, with a stone-wall on the inside about two feet thick. The entire running length of this is upwards of a mile. It is lined with a heavy paling of wood, for musketry.

☞ The funeral obsequies in honor of the lamented and heroic Col. Hardin, who fell gallantly fighting at Buena Vista, took place at Jacksonville, Ill., July 14th. Fifteen thousand persons participated.



A portion of the Army crossing a steep Mountain.

Incidents at the Battle of Buena Vista.

The coolness and bravery of the Mississippi and Illinois volunteers were beyond all praise. While firing in line, the front rank knelt on one knee, taking deliberate aim, and doing deadly execution.

Col. Bowles, of the 2d Indiana regiment, finding that his men faltered early in the action on the 23d, withdrew from them in disgust, and taking a rifle, joined the Mississippi regiment in the thickest of the fight. It is due to the Indiana regiment, however, to say, that they subsequently rallied, appealed to as they were by Capt. Lincoln and others, and fought bravely.

The three guns which the Mexicans took, were only yielded by Lieut. O'Brien after a desperate resistance. Two of his horses were killed, the carriage wheels of one of them were broken, and the men attending the guns were all, but one sergeant, shot down. General Taylor complimented Lieut. O'Brien, on the field, for his bravery.

Capt. Washington's battery was in a most favorable position. It protected the principal pass or approach to the American lines, with the very best effect.

At one time during the battle, Capt. Bragg expressed some apprehension to Gen. Taylor in relation to the position of his battery, and asked what he was to do. "Give them more grape, Bragg—more grape," says old Rough and Ready, "and that will secure their safety." Bragg tried the prescription, and found it to have the best effect.

Col. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, is idolized by his regiment; and, as one of them said, he would lead them into h—l. Believing, that on the 24th there would be a fight, and being unable to walk on account of the wound in his foot, he ordered that he be carried out to their head in a wagon.

Col. Yell, as we have already told our readers, was lanced to death. His horse became restive, his bridle broke, and he carried him into the midst of the enemy, where a lance pierced him through the head.

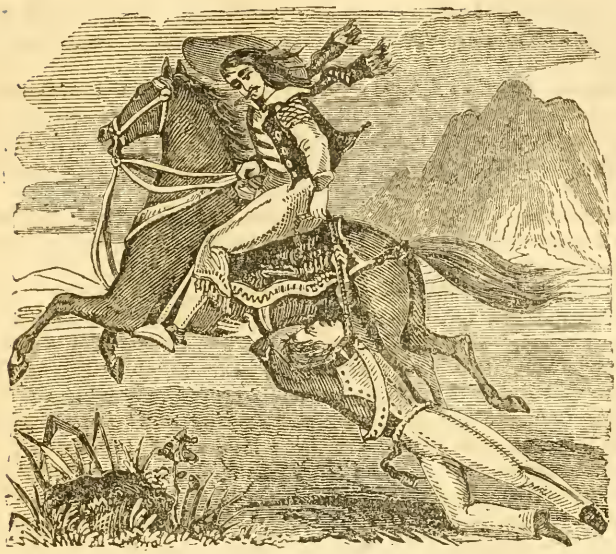
Col. Hardin, before being killed, captured a flag from the enemy, which, with his horse, he requested should be sent home as a last memento to his wife.

Nothing could contrast more strongly than the humanity of the American soldiers and the cowardly ferocity and roguish propensity of the Mexicans. The Americans shared their biscuit and water with the wounded Mexicans, and were often sent to lay them in a position least painful to them. The Mexicans, on the contrary, cowardly killed our wounded men when they met them, as in the case of Col. Clay; they stripped and robbed several of our officers and many of their own.

Among the prisoners taken were two who were deserters from our own ranks. They were brought before Gen. Taylor, who ordered the wretches to be drummed out beyond the lines. Such rascals, he said, might do for Santa Anna—they would not suit him—and it would be wasting powder and shot to shoot them. They were therefore drummed out in the tune of the Rogue's March.

A bullet having passed through the breast of Gen. Taylor's jacket, he remarked that the balls were becoming excited.

Lieut. Ritchie Lassooed by a Mexican.



Gen. Scott, on arriving at the mouth of the Rio Grande, sent despatches to Gen. Taylor, or the commanding officer at Saltillo. When the bearer reached that city, General Butler opened the despatches, and sent General Worth and his division for the Rio Grande. The despatches were then resealed and sent in charge of Lieut. Ritchie, to Gen. Taylor, then on his retrograde movement to Monterey from Victoria. Ten men, belonging to Kearney's company, of the 5th, accompanied Lieut. Ritchie as an escort. They arrived in Monterey in safety, stopped there all night, and proceeded on their route to meet General Taylor the next day. Towards dusk, Ritchie reached the Villa Grande, 23 miles distant from Monterey. Meeting, just after his arrival, with an Englishman established in business there, he availed himself of his services to procure refreshments for himself and command. As the two were crossing the plaza of Villa Grande, in furtherance of that object, a Mexican on horseback came whisking by them, when suddenly he threw a lasso over Ritchie, put spurs to his animal, and succeeded in dragging him beyond the town, to a small creek in the vicinity. Here he murdered him, and after mutilating him in a horrid manner, made off with the despatches.

A Volunteer returned with a Wife.

A volunteer lately returned from Mexico, bringing with him a bright-eyed Mexican girl, as his wife. "Love your enemies," had been practically obeyed by him.

Amusing Incidents at the Battle of Sacramento.

The following incidents which took place at the battle of Sacramento, are characteristic of the brave spirits who achieved this signal victory:

While the Missouri forces were advancing upon the Mexican entrenchments at Sacramento, a tall private in one of the companies called out to the Captain to halt, and the officer supposing that he was faltering, and fearful of such a feeling at so perilous a moment, leaped in front and sternly shouted, "Forward!"

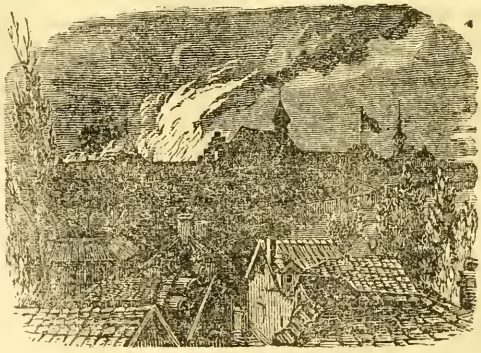
"Ho, Captain! hush, hist! Keep shady a moment," says he, "thar's a fellow peepin' over the bank at us; jest let me try my old shootin' fixin' on him."

"Forward! I say, sir," shouted the officer again.

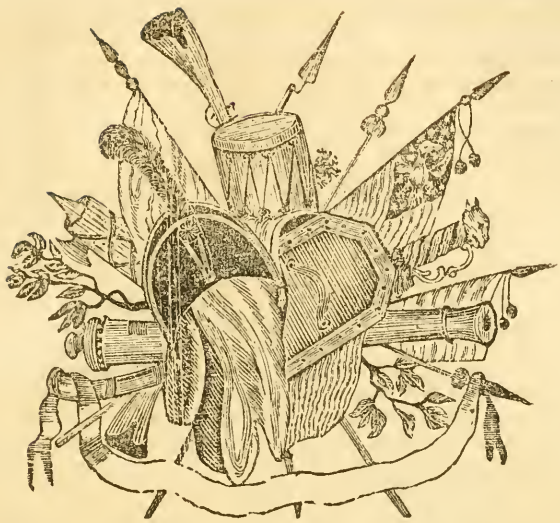
"Well, but jest to try the thing, Captain—for it aint a right down sartin piece yet," said he; and levelling upon the peeping Mexican, he dropped him. "Good as wheat!" he exclaimed; "the old United States fixin' talks as if it had a raal natral animosity agin them fellars!"

During the fight a party of one company were, from their position, watching for chance shots at those who showed themselves inside of the entrenchments; and the Mexicans appearing to have little idea of the marksmanship of the men opposed to them, would expose their persons as they fired their pieces; those who did so, were almost certain to fall by the fire of the Missouri sharp-shooters; and so little did the latter consider themselves in danger from the return fire, that they kept up a fire of laughter, also, at the success of their shots.—After several of the enemy had thus fallen, the others would place their gun on the entrenchment and fire at random, with no part of their person exposed. This musketry from the enemy was almost harmless. When the company was ordered to charge upon the entrenchments, one of the privates was laughing so heartily that the tears were rolling down his cheeks. A comrade inquired—"What ails you, Sam?"

"Why, I'm tickled with such fightin' as this," says he; "I'll swar of it aint as good as any turkey shootin' I've ever seed!"



Houses in flames, at Vera Cruz.



RESULTS OF THE BATTLES WITH THE MEXICANS.

PALO ALTO, May 8th, 1846.—American force engaged, 2,288; Mexican force, 6,000 regular troops, and several thousand irregular troops. American loss, 9 killed, and 44 wounded; Mexican loss about 200 killed and 400 wounded. Mexican Army fell back to Resaca de la Palma.

RESACA DE LA PALMA, May 9th.—American force engaged, 1700, (aggregate 2222.) Mexican force, 7000, reinforced by cavalry and infantry. American loss, 39 killed, 82 wounded. Mexican loss, about 250 killed, and 600 wounded. The Mexicans retreated in the greatest confusion, pursued by the American cavalry to the Rio Grande, where many of them were drowned in crossing. The Mexicans had veteran regiments of cavalry and infantry, perfectly equipped and provided, and occupying a chosen and advantageous position, strongly defended with artillery. The entire camp, baggage, ammunition, maps, papers, &c., fell into the hands of the Americans.

MONTEREY, Sept. 21st, 22d, and 23d, 1846.—Capitulated on the morning of the 24th, after the Americans had carried all the forts, batteries and barricades, and held three-fourths of the town. American forces engaged, not quite 6000 men. Mexican force, 7000 regular, and about 4000 irregular troops. American loss, 126 killed, 350 wounded. Mexican loss supposed to be 800.

BATTLE OF SACRAMENTO, under Col. Doniphan, Feb. 28th, 1847.—The victory of Col. Doniphan, it has been truly said, is in many respects the most remarkable achievement of the war. The number of Americans engaged was 924, while the Mexicans had 4223 engaged. American artillery, 6 pieces; Mexican do., 12. Americans killed, 2; Mexicans killed, 300.

VERA CRUZ AND THE CASTLE TAKEN, March 26, 1847.—The military operations against the City and Castle were commenced on the 9th of March, and the surrender took place on the 26th, when the Mexican troops marched out and laid down their arms. At noon on that day, the American ensign was hoisted over the City and Castle. The loss of the Americans was 65, killed and wounded. The Mexican loss is said to have been immense.

BUENA VISTA, Feb. 22, 1847.—This was one of the most desperate battles ever fought; the American arms were victorious, though engaged in the unequal contest of 1 to 4. The enemy was descried on the morning of the 21st, at which time our volunteers sent in three tremendous cheers. The Mexicans had 32 cannon of large calibre. The result of the first day was only 8 or 10 killed and wounded on the American side.

On the second day, at sunrise, the fight began in earnest. The dark columns of the Mexicans extended as far as the eye could see. The two armies were soon in hot conflict. At night, the Mexicans withdrew in haste, leaving their arms and munitions of war upon the field. Many perished from starvation in their retreat. The loss on both sides was great, and a large proportion of officers. The Mexicans lost three general officers, and 20 colonels and commanders of battallions. The Mexican force engaged in this action was from 20,000 to 25,000. The Americans, all told, did not exceed 6000, and most of them were new recruits and volunteers. This was a contest of 4 against 1; and, strange to tell, our arms were triumphant!

BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO, April 18, 1847.—This great battle, fought under the direction of Gen. Scott, was planned with great skill, and carried on with zeal to a successful and triumphant result. After the favorable issue of the conflict, Scott writes to the Department at Washington, as follows,—"We are quite embarrassed with the results of victory; prisoners of war, heavy ordnance, field batteries, small arms and accoutrements." About 3,000 men laid down their arms, with the usual proportion of field and company officers, besides five generals, several of them of great distinction. Gen. Scott estimated the American loss at 250—Mexican loss, 350.

TOBASCO, taken possession of in October, 1846, by the Naval force, after considerable skirmishing. Tobasco is a fine city, situated on a high bluff on the right bank of the river, 80 miles from its mouth. The river is narrow, the banks are high and steep, and covered with trees, chaparral and flags, interwoven with hanging vines and the densest foliage.

TAMPICO surrendered, soon after. This, unlike the other conquests of our arms in Mexico, was obtained without the price of blood. The fleet was under the command of Com. Conner. The town is now sufficiently garrisoned by our land forces, and will become a place of great importance in our further operations upon the interior.

What Harm has War done us?

Col. Wm. B. Cambell's first regiment of Tennessee volunteers numbered 1000 brave men, on their march to Mexico. Only 350, rank and file, of this gallant regiment, returned with their Colonel to their homes.

Col. Wm. T. Haskell's second regiment of Tennessee volunteers numbered 1040 on their march to Mexico. Only 360 of these gallant men, rank and file, returned with Col. Haskell to their homes and friends—their wives and children—their fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters. The remainder of the two regiments—*thirteen hundred and thirty*—where are they? Sickness and bullets, and the sword, have consigned to an early grave in a foreign land, far from their native homes, without coffins and winding sheets, or headstones to tell *who* they are or *where* they are. Poor fellows! mournful and vacant are many loved homes and firesides; but the sleeping dead know it not. They repose beneath the burning sands of an inhospitable clime, promiscuously thrown together.

American Soldiers attacked and murdered while removing the body of Col. Clay, at Buena Vista.

Death of Lieut. Col. Clay, at Buena Vista.

At the battle of Buena Vista, Lieut. Col. Clay was shot through both thighs by grape shot, and shortly afterwards he received a musket ball through his body. As he was being carried from the field by his men, they were charged on by a body of Mexican lancers, [see the engraving,] who killed every one of them, and also run their lances through Mr. Clay's body. His body was subsequently recovered from the enemy.

LETTER FROM GEN. TAYLOR TO HON. HENRY CLAY

The following letter from Gen. Taylor to Mr. Clay, we find in the Lexington Observer. The hero of Buena Vista, though always "*ready*," is *not* always "*rough*," as the warm sentiment and beautiful language of this epistle sufficiently show.

HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION,
Agua Neuva, Mexico, March 1, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR: You will no doubt have received, before this can reach you, the deeply distressing intelligence of the death of your son in the battle of Buena Vista. It is with no wish of intruding upon the sanctuary of parental sorrow, and with no hope of administering any consolation to your wounded heart, that I have taken the liberty of addressing you these few lines; but I have felt it a duty which I owe to the memory of the distinguished dead, to pay a willing tribute to his many excellent qualities, and while my feelings are still fresh, to express the desolation which his untimely loss, and that of other kindred spirits, have occasioned.

I had but a casual acquaintance with your son, until he became for a time a member of my military family, and I can truly say that no one ever won more rapidly upon my regard, or established a more lasting claim to my respect and esteem. Manly and honorable in every impulse, with no feeling but for the honor of the service and of the country, he gave every assurance that in the hour of need I could lean with confidence upon his support. Nor was I disappointed. Under the guidance of himself and the lamented McKee, gallantly did the sons of Kentucky in the thickest of the strife, uphold the honor of the State and the country.

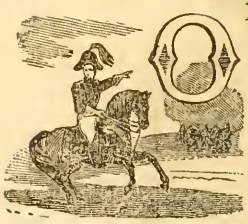
A grateful people will do justice to the memory of those who fell on that eventful day. But I may be permitted to express the bereavement which I feel in the loss of valued friends. To your son I felt bound by the strongest ties of private regard, and when I miss his familiar face and those of McKee and Hardin, I can say with truth, that I feel no exultation in our success.

With the expression of my deepest and most heartfelt sympathies for your irreparable loss, I remain, Your friend, Z. TAYLOR.

Hon. HENRY CLAY, New Orleans, La.

Col. Clay has left three motherless and fatherless children, who were given in charge of their grand-parents by the unfortunate father, on leaving for the seat of war.

Death of Captain George Lincoln.



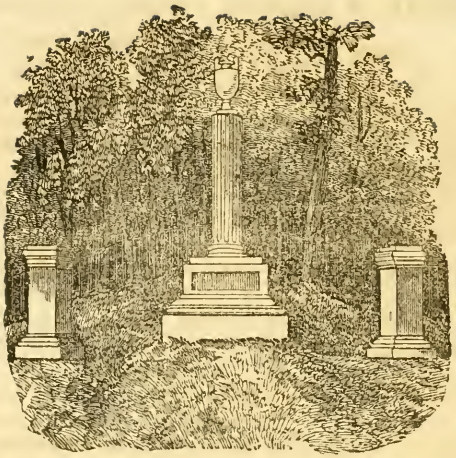
N the battle-field at Buena Vista, Feb. 23, 1847, among those who fell in fighting for their country, was Capt. George Lincoln, of Worcester, Mass., son of Ex-Governor Lincoln. An officer who rode beside him states that he was shot through the head when in the act of making a charge at full gallop, and that he fell dead from his horse. The noble animal, carried forward by his own speed, as soon as he missed his rider, turned back, passed his nose over his body, and gently turned the head so as to reveal the features of his master, which, when exposed to Lincoln's servant, who stood by, caused the latter to shed tears, and utter loud convulsive lamentations. All who saw it were deeply affected, for Lincoln was the idol of the army.

Captain Lincoln did not volunteer for the Mexican war. The war found him in the army at a distant post, and he was ordered to the Rio Grande before it was known that hostilities would take place. He heard the first hostile gun that was fired, and from that moment, until he fell, covered with wounds, in the hard fought battle of Buena Vista, the manner in which he bore himself is matter of public history. We all remember the interesting narrative of the young officer whose life he saved, by extraordinary personal prowess, at Palo Alto; we know that his promotion stands recorded in the public archives on the ground of heroic conduct at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma; and we know that he was selected for the office of Assistant Adjutant General, and that he discharged its duties in the most noble manner at Buena Vista, even at the venture of inevitable death.

From the first, there has been something peculiarly interesting in the character and conduct of this young officer. Gen. Taylor, who uses few words, and never exceeds in commendation, speaks of his "martial bearing and approved gallantry." He gained the title of "the Bayard of the American Army," which was accorded to him, without envy, by his brother officers. But particularly was he popular among the common soldiers. He had a faculty of command, a cheerfulness, a power of calling out enthusiasm, invaluable in the actual service of war. The meanest camp followers shed tears when they saw the empty saddle of his war-horse, and his body borne by the artillerymen into the camp:

> "Dragged from among the horses' feet,
> With dented shield and helmet beat."

Some days after the battle, Capt. Lincoln's horse was offered for sale at auction. When the first bid was announced, the canteen woman, honored with the soubriquet of "The Heroine of Fort Brown," with whom Lincoln was an especial favorite, stepped forward and said that a man who offered seventy-five dollars for a horse like that could not want it—that she would give two hundred and fifty dollars for the animal, and at that price it was knocked off to her. When asked what occasion she had for the horse, she declared her intention to keep it till an opportunity offered of forwarding it to Lincoln's mother, for whom she designed it as a present. [She afterwards relinquished the horse to the Kentucky Regiment, by whom he was presented to the family of the deceased, and forwarded to Boston.]



FUNERAL OBSEQUIES

IN HONOR OF THE BRAVE

CAPT. GEORGE LINCOLN,

Assistant Adjutant General, U. S. Army,

WHO WAS KILLED, IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY, AT THE

BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA, MEXICO,

On the 23d of February, 1847.

Warrior, rest! thy toils are ended;
Life's last fearful strife is o'er;
Clarion calls with death notes blended,
Shall disturb thine ear no more!
Peaceful is thy dreamless slumber,
Peaceful, but how cold and stern,—
Thou hast joined that silent number
In the land whence none return.

The Funeral Ceremonies, which were performed in Boston and at Worcester, on the 22d of July, 1847, in honor of the late Capt. George Lincoln, killed at the battle of Buena Vista, were of the most interesting, affecting and imposing character. Despite all that cavellers may say, the death of a noble hearted youth, fighting gallantly in the service of his country, is an event which enlists the sympathies of mankind keenly, deeply and universally—and whatever any might have thought upon the origin or causes of the war, all united cordially and zealously in bestowing honors upon the gallant dead. The soldier who falls fighting the battles of his country, certainly deserves the highest honors that his country can bestow. There is no greater sacrifice than the sacrifice of life; there is none, therefore, which merits higher reward. It is the hope of fame—the hope of grateful reward at the hands of his countrymen, which nerves his arm, fires his eye, and animates his soul. Without such hope, patriotism would die—and our national honor would become a by-word and a jest among the nations of the earth. But with a generous and grateful country to sustain him, the soldier's heart beats high with hope, even in the hour of peril. If he live, he is assured that his countrymen will repay his devotion to their service, with noble generosity. If he die, the sweet spirit of Hope whispers words of glorious consolation to his soul.

Captain Lincoln's Funeral, (continued.)

PUBLIC CEREMONIES IN BOSTON.

The remains were deposited in a rich and magnificently finished black walnut coffin, manufactured in Boston, over which was thrown the American flag. Upon it were placed two swords, the arms of the deceased, one of which he used at Resaca de la Palma, Buena Vista, &c., and the other was presented to him a few months before his death by citizens of Worcester. Beside them were the cap, plume and belt of the deceased; and upon the breast of the coffin was placed a silver plate bearing the following inscription:—

GEORGE LINCOLN,
Capt. 8th Reg't Inft'y, U. S. A.
Fell at Buena Vista, Mexico, Feb. 23, 1847.
Aged 29 years.

In delivering the remains into the care of the military, Mayor Quincy made the following brief and touching remarks:—

"*Fellow Citizens:*—We have met here to pay the last tribute to the remains of the gallant Capt. George Lincoln, late an officer in the army of the United States, who fell while in the discharge of his military calling, at the battle of Buena Vista. He was immediately associated, both before and during the action, with the Second Regiment of Kentucky Volunteers. When their time of service expired, and they were about returning home, the remembrance of the soldier who had shared with them the privations of the camp and the dangers of the field would not permit them to suffer his remains to slumber on a foreign soil. They caused them to be taken from their temporary resting place, guarding them to New Orleans, and thence transmitted them to me, as Mayor of the City of Boston, the chief magistrate of the capital of this state; as such I have received them, believing that whatever may be the opinions of my fellow citizens concerning the war, there is an universal feeling of respect for this gallant man, who fell fighting in the front rank of his country's army.

"It is my painful duty to transmit these remains to the presence of his honored and honorable father, of his loving mother, of his affectionate wife, of his orphan child. Their feelings on receiving them cannot be described; may they be soothed by the sympathy of the public.

"But it was not in these relations alone that Capt. Lincoln stood, or in which he would have wished to be remembered. He was a soldier, and his fate was what many a soldier would have desired,—for of him it may be said, while he lived he was loved, honored and trusted by his comrades. When he fell, it was on a well fought and hardly won field of battle, with the shout of victory in his ear. His distinguished leader lamented him as one on whose courage and conduct he rested in the doubtful struggle that was before him, and his companions in arms mourned that they would no more hear the voice they had

> ——'heard so oft
> In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
> Of battle when it raged in all assaults,
> Their surest signal.'

"Having been trusted by those companions in arms with these remains, to the care of soldiers I resign them. You, Mr. Commander, will convey them with the rites of war to their final resting place, in the heart of the Commonwealth, the beautiful village of his birth. He will there be long remembered. And when some future historian shall be recounting the thousand sons of Massachusetts who have fallen on the high places of the field, may he truly say that he whose remains lie before us, was her last sacrifice, falling in the last war in which the country was ever engaged."

Col. Edmands, who as military commandant had charge of the whole proceedings, then made a brief and appropriate reply.

Captain Lincoln's Funeral, (continued.)

The Civic Procession was formed in Court Square, at half past 8 o'clock, under the direction of Francis Blake, Esq., as Chief Marshal, and Messrs. W. A. Wellman and N. P. Lovering, as Aids.

The Rough and Ready Association was present, in good numbers, under the direction of Louis Dennis, Esq., Chief Marshal; Jas. H. Blake and Francis Whiston, Aids; and the following assistant Marshals—Messrs. Isaac Cary, Lyman Tucker, Jr., Amasa G. Smith, Stephen Titcomb, Thomas J. Pierce, Charles Grant, Geo. B. Wellman, J. F. Marsh, W. W. Baker, B. F. Deland.

The members of the Association appeared, agreeably to the public order, in black hats, dark clothes and white gloves; forming a highly appropriate and elegant costume.

The former Residents of Worcester County furnished a large and highly respectable delegation. Messrs. Lewis Mills and Edward Lamb officiated as Marshals.

His Honor Mayor Quincy, a large portion of the Board of Aldermen, and other members of the City Government, were present. The citizens of Boston to the number of several hundreds, also joined the procession.

The New England Guards appeared with very full ranks, and performed the escort duty in excellent style.

The Horse rode by the deceased in the fatal battle, was introduced into the procession, arrayed in the equipments which he wore when his gallant rider fell in the arms of death, and formed one of the most interesting features in the mournful pageant. This horse is a large muscular animal, of no special beauty of figure, nearly white, or very light grey, having a long natural tail—and bearing marks of the severe service and long journeys through which he has passed.

The procession began to move towards the depot of the Worcester Railroad about half past 8 o'clock. An immense crowd of people collected in the streets through which the procession passed, to witness the mournful spectacle; and the deepest feeling of respect for the departed solder, and of sympathy for his suffering widow and friends, appeared to pervade all hearts. Measure glory as you will, it is a painful thing for one so young, so gifted, and so connected by ties of marriage and blood with dear friends on earth, so to fall, on the field of battle, let the cause be what it may! He is gone—

> "Gone to the land of silence
> To the shadow of the dead,
> With the green turf on his bosom,
> And the grey stone at his head!"

The procession passed from Court Square to Tremont Street, and from thence through Boylston and Essex Streets, Harrison Avenue, and Beech Streets, to the depot opposite the United States Hotel, where a special train was in readiness to take them to Worcester.

PROCEEDINGS AT WORCESTER.

The special train of cars, containing the Boston procession, arrived at Worcester about 12 o'clock. A great crowd of people had collected at the depot, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the train, with its mournful charge.

The body was taken from the cars, with its companion, the war horse—the N. E. Guards, the Rough and Ready Association, and the citizens of Worcester, again formed in procession, and marched to the residence of Ex-Governor Lincoln, where the sarcophagus was given into the hands of the afflicted family.

The Funeral Car was drawn by four white horses, in mourning harness, led by soldiers, and attended by Captains Thompson, Forristall, Cowdin, Smith, Kelsey and Mitchell, as Pall Bearers.

All work and business in the town seemed to be suspended; the stores were nearly all closed, and the entire population appeared to be assembled to witness the funeral spectacle.

On the arrival of the Escort and Funeral Car at the mansion of Gov. Lincoln, on Elm street, on the hill a few rods back of the Worcester House, the N. E. Guards were formed in line in front of the house, with arms presented, and the coffin was taken into the house with military honors.

The residence of Gov. Lincoln is very beautifully located, surrounded by a fine garden and an abundance of handsome shade trees. As we looked upon this peaceful spot, we could not but reflect how sad a change in his lot the son had made, who tore himself from the arms of his wife and child, and kind parents, and this comfortable home, to pour out his blood, and lay down his life on the plains of Mexico.

The daughter of the deceased, a sweet child, with delicate complexion and curly flaxen hair, sat at an open window, in the care of a nurse, during the whole ceremony of the reception and departure of the corpse, happy and pleased with the novel spectacle, and entirely unconscious of the influence which this melancholy event will have upon her future fate.

The general Procession in Worcester was formed partly on the Common and partly on Elm street. The Military Escort was under the command of Brig. Gen. George Hobbs, and the Civic Procession under the direction of the Hon. Isaac Davis, aided by the following gentlemen as Assistant Marshals:—Col. James Estabrook, Capt. George Bowen, Col. George W. Richardson, Capt. George T. Rice, Wm. Baker, Col. A. H. Bulloch, Wm. Bickford, Col. P. W. Taft, and Gen. E. L. Barnard.

At 1 o'clock the remains of the deceased were received from the family mansion with military honors, and the line was soon formed. The Funeral Cortege and its attendants, then moved in the following order:—

An armed escort composed of the following Companies, under command of Brig. Gen. Hobbs,
Sterling Washington Light Guards.
Fitchburg Fusileers.
Worcester Guards.
Worcester Light Infantry.
New England Guards, from Boston.
Boston Brass Band.
Worcester Brass Band.

PALL BEARERS.	BODY.	PALL BEARERS.
PALL BEARERS.		PALL BEARERS.

The Horse rode by Capt. Lincoln at Buena Vista.
Gov. Lincoln and other male relatives of the deceased, on foot.
Female relatives of the deceased in carriages.
Officers of the United States Army without commands.
Officers of the United States Navy.
Officers of the Infantry and Militia without commands.
Privates in uniform, not connected with escorts.
City Marshal and Aids.
Committee of Arrangements.
Municipal Officers of the town of Worcester.
Citizens of Boston and vicinity who accompanied the remains to Worcester.
Rough and Ready Association.
Members of the Lincoln Monument Association.
Officers and Students of the College of the Holy Cross.
Worcester Fire Department.
St. John Benevolent Society.
Citizens of Worcester.
Associations and Citizens of the County of Worcester.

Captain Lincoln's Funeral, (continued.)

Ex-Governor Lincoln and his family appeared to be deeply distressed by the mournful ceremonies, and great sympathy was manifested by the people.

The general appearance of the funeral pageant was solemn, impressive and affecting in the extreme. As the mournful cortege moved through the principal streets, to the sound of the muffled drums, and the dirge-like music of the band, and ever and anon the booming sound of the minute gun fell upon the ear, the heart of the spectator could not fail to be moved with irrepressible emotion. Along the whole route of the procession, the windows of the dwellings and the sidewalks of the streets were lined with crowds of spectators, whose countenances bore marks of the deepest interest in the mournful duties of the occasion, and sympathy for the departed soldier and his friends.

The ill-fated but still fortunate soldier whose remains were now being borne to the tomb, was a native of this town—the school-fellow, companion and playmate of many who now witnessed his solemn burial. He had walked these streets, shaken these hands, breathed this air, and held social converse with hundreds of this living and breathing mass. Every spot on the route of the procession, recalled to many persons reminiscences of moments of pleasure passed with the deceased in other days. His figure, his voice, his expressive countenance and flashing eye, seemed again to assume form and substance to the imagination; his faults, if faults he had, were forgotten in the kindly feeling of the moment, and his virtues rose, embellished by the recollection of his gallant end, eloquent advocates of his fame!

The Funeral Services were performed in the First Unitarian Church, of which the Rev. Alonzo Hill is pastor—where the Lincoln family attend worship. The coffin was placed upon a table beneath the altar. The relatives of the deceased occupied the main aisle, and the military and societies the remainder of the house, except galleries, which were appropriated to the ladies

The exercises commenced with a voluntary on the organ, followed by the appropriate Funeral Dirge, "Clay to clay, and dust to dust." Rev. Mr. Hill then read some appropriate selections from the Scriptures; after which he offered a fervent and excellent prayer. An anthem was then sung—"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb," &c.

The Procession left the church in the same order that it came, and marched to the Salisbury Cemetery, about half a mile distant, where the corpse was to be deposited.

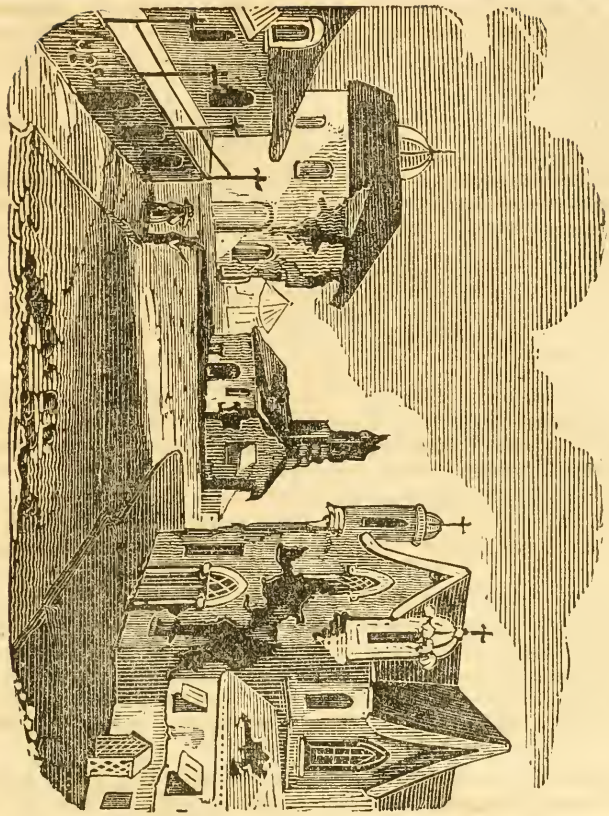
The scene at the Cemetery was full of interest, and eminently suggestive of reflections both pleasant and sad. The spot is one of simple and quiet beauty; a fit resting place for the honored dead, whose fame is their own monument.

On the arrival of the procession at the Cemetery, the escort formed a line opposite the entrance, when the corpse was taken to the public tomb by the Pall Bearers, and the relatives of the deceased and others passed on to the Lot presented by the proprietors of the Cemetery for the monument to Capt. Lincoln, which is near the family tomb. Three volleys were fired over the body by the Worcester troops, the Band played a salute, and the whole body of the Escort, Societies, &c., left the ground.

After the return of the Procession from the Cemetery, those who had participated in the solemnities, numbering some 600, partook of a collation in the Upper Town Hall, which had been provided under the direction of the Committee of Arrangements. A letter from Gov. Lincoln was read at the table, expressing his warmest thanks to the Committee of Arrangements, the military and others, for the kind interest which they had exhibited towards his family, and for their efforts to bestow honor upon the remains of his son. The letter was written with much evident feeling, and was received by the company with great satisfaction.

Much credit is due to the Rough and Ready Association of Boston, to the N. E. Guards, and the military generally, for the effort which they made to confer suitable honors upon the remains of Capt. Lincoln.

The Siege of Vera Cruz.



"It is impossible," says an eye witness of the siege of Vera Cruz, "to get at the loss of the Mexicans by the bombardment; yet it is certain that women, children and non-combatants have suffered the most. Hardly a building south of the Plaza Grande but is either burnt, torn in pieces, or much injured, and the streets are filled with rubbish and fragments. The National Palace, which is on the Plaza, and near the outer range of our mortars, had five shells burst within it, one of which killed a woman and two children lying asleep in the kitchen. The Cathedral, on an opposite side of the Plaza, was also somewhat injured, but the churches south of it, and near our mortars, suffered most. I write this letter in a house which must have been hot enough during the bombardment, for the signs of shell are all around me. The residence of our former consul, Mr. Hargous, was struck twice. One of the shells came through the roof, lodged at the foot of a bed which a gentleman had just left, and completely demolished every thing in the room, and the furniture was of the most costly description. One of the inmates describes the explosion as tremendous. The house

shook in all its parts as with an earthquake, and his first impression was that everything in it had been rended into fragments. Probably years will elapse, before Vera Cruz is in the situation in which the siege found it."

"I was," writes another eye witness, "in the Governor's Palace, a very fine building, occupying one side of the Plaza, in which General Scott had his head-quarters, and was looking into a very handsome room, where it was evident a shell had struck, when a Mexican gentleman came up, and offered to show me over the house. I followed him, and directly we came to what had evidently been a superb room, but then almost entirely torn to pieces. He pointed to a place beside the door which was blown out. "There," said he, "sat a lady and her two children; they were all killed by the shell which has wrought the injury you see."

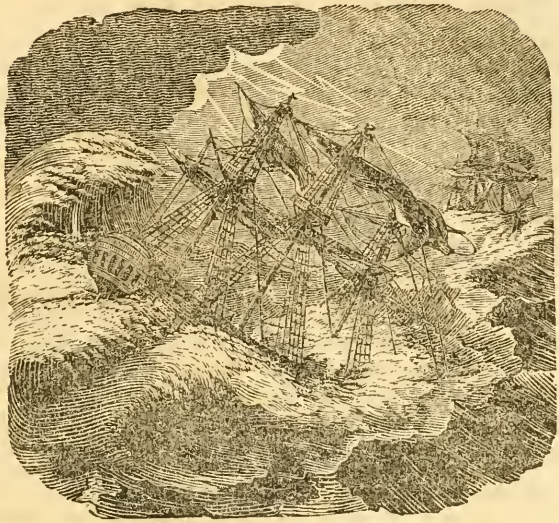
"I rode to town," says a third eye witness, "to see what effect our shot had had on it. I was prepared to see much destruction, but was perfectly amazed. The south-west side of the town is almost entirely destroyed. The navy battery, six guns, three 32 pounders, and three 64 pounders, Paixhan guns, at times throwing shells, and at others solid shot, did immense execution; also a 24 pound battery, worked by the army; but the citizens of Vera Cruz say the bombs did the most injury.

"They would fall on the houses, the weight carrying them through from roof to cellar, and then burst, opening the houses from top to bottom, and killing all within. Thousands had left the town, or the casualties, as regards life, would have been immense. As it was, the women and children suffered most. The loss of life by the soldiers was comparatively small; they kept themselves in the northern part of the town.

"One reason of the Mexicans for giving up is, they feared a revolt of the troops. The suburbs, where the greater part of their wives lived, was completely destroyed,—and they begged their husbands to give up, and save their families from destruction. Many of the officers, at night, crawled up close to the walls, and represented the screeching, crying, and lamenting of the women, children and wounded, as being dreadful. Poor creatures, they must have suffered severely."

"The French families in the city," says a writer to the Alton Telegraph, "were the greatest sufferers. I have heard a great many heart-rending tales, which were told by the survivors with breaking hearts; but I have neither the inclination nor the time to repeat them. One, however, I will name. A French family were quietly seated in their parlor, the evening previous to the hoisting of the white flag, when a shell from one of our mortars penetrated the building, and exploded in the room, killing the mother and four children, and wounding the residue. Another shell struck the Charity Hospital, penetrated the roof, bursting in the room where the sick inmates were lying, and killed 23. Thus rushed into eternity, in the twinkling of an eye, not only the invalid, but the innocent and unoffending."

Loss of the U. S. Brig Somers, and 39 Lives!



The U. S. Brig Somers, which had been for some months engaged in maintaining the Blockade off Vera Cruz, was lost on the 8th Dec., 1846. At the time of the disaster she was in chase of a strange sail, and being struck with a sudden squall, was capsized, and in fifteen minutes went down. By this sad event, thirty-nine lives were lost, out of 76, the whole number on board.

The crews of the English and French vessels are entitled to great commendation for their efforts in saving the lives of those on board the Somers.

Midshipman Rogers, of the Somers, was captured by the Mexicans, while reconnoitering, just before the loss of the brig.

Caught a Tartar.

Between Camargo and Mier, three Mexicans were waylaying the road, to rob a Mexican merchant of Matamoras, who was known to be coming down from Mier with a large amount of money in his possession. The merchant had three men with him, and it chanced before he reached the spot where the robbers had posted themselves, that three Texan Rangers, who had been out on a scout, struck into the road a short distance ahead of him, pursuing their way down to Camargo. It was after dark, and the roobers mistook the Rangers for the merchant's party. They ordered them to halt and deliver:—but they delivered bullets instead of money, and left not a robber able to carry off his load;—all were killed! and the merchant passed down in safety.

Battle of Sacramento.

[FROM COL. DONIPHAN'S OFFICIAL DESPATCHES.]

"On the 8th of February, 1847, we left El Paso del Norte. On the 25th of Feb. we were informed that the enemy were at Inseneas. At sunrise on the 28th, we took up the line of march. When within three miles of the enemy, we ascertained that they had one battery of four guns, two nine and six pounders, on the point of the mountain. They had another battery on an elevation commanding the road and three entrenchments of two six pounders, and on the brow of the crescent near the centre, another of two six and two four and six culverins, or rampart pieces, mounted on carriages; and on the crest of the hill they had twenty-seven redoubts dug and thrown up. When we had arrived within one and a half miles of the entrenchments, we advanced the cavalry, and suddenly diverged with columns to the right, so as to gain the narrow part of the ascent on our right; which the enemy discovering, endeavored to prevent by moving forward with 1,000 cavalry and four pieces of cannon. Our movements were so rapid that we gained the elevation with our forces and the advance of our wagons in time to form before they arrived within reach of our guns. The enemy halted and we advanced within 1,200 yards of them, so as to let our wagons attain the highlands and form as before.

We now commenced the action by a brisk fire from our battery, and the enemy unmasked and commenced also; our fires proved effective at this distance, killing fifteen men, wounding and disabling one of the enemy's guns. The enemy then slowly retreated, and we resumed our march in our former order. After marching as far as we safely could, we charged with the two twelve pound howitzers, to be supported by the cavalry. The howitzers charged at speed, and were gallantly sustained. Major Clark advanced as fast as practicable with the remainder of the battery, we charged their redoubts from right to left, with a brisk and deadly fire of riflemen, while a rapid and well directed fire was opened on a column of cavalry, attempting to pass to our left so as to attack the wagons and our rear. The fire was so well directed as to force them to fall back; and our riflemen, with the cavalry and howitzers, cleared after an obstinate resistance. Our forces advanced to the very brink of their redoubts, and attacked them with their sabres. When the redoubts were cleared, and the batteries in the centre and on our left were silenced, the main battery on our right still continued to pour in a constant and heavy fire, as it had done during the heat of the engagement; but as the whole fate of the battle depended upon carrying the redoubts and centre battery, this one on the right remained unattacked, and the enemy had rallied there five hundred strong.

A heavy fire was commenced upon it, while the 1st battalion were ordered to remount and charge the battery on the left, and the 2d battalion was directed to pass on foot up the rough ascent of the mountain on the opposite side. The fire of our battery was so effective as to completely silence theirs, and the rapid advance of our column put them to flight over the mountains in great confusion—and thus ended the battle of Sacramento.

Our force was 924 effective men; at least one hundred of whom

were engaged in holding horses and driving teams: while that of the enemy amounted to 4,223. The loss of the enemy was his entire artillery, ten wagons, masses of beans and pinola, and other Mexican provisions, about three hundred killed and about the same number wounded, many of whom have since died, and forty prisoners.

The field was literally covered with the dead and wounded from our artillery and the unerring fire of our riflemen. Night put a stop to the carnage, the battle having commenced about three o'clock. Our loss was one killed, one mortally wounded, and seven so wounded as to recover without any loss of limbs."

Mexican Harbor and Fortification.

A Prairie Battle with the Camanche Indians.

A Camanche Warrior prepared for Battle.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM AN OFFICER.

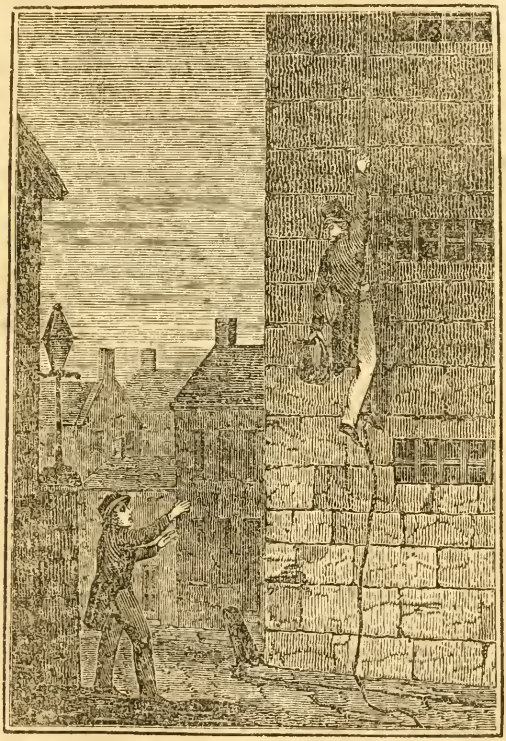
On the 23d day of June, 1847, at Pawnee Fork, we were attacked by about 50 Indians, whom we repulsed without the loss of any of our men or property, though several of the men were wounded; one of my men in several places, but he will probably recover. We congratulated ourselves in being successful in thus driving off these pests of the prairies; but alas! this affair was but a prelude to what was subsequently experienced by us.

It is our custom on the prairies at all times to make our encampment as safe as practicable; this we do by having the wagons placed in a circular form, inside of which some of the cattle are fastened, the rest being hobbled; the centre is occupied by ourselves. A guard is then set, which is relieved every two hours. This was our situation on the 26th inst., on the banks of the Arkansas river; and at 4 o'clock in the morning, just at the moment when the cattle were loosened to be driven out, an attack was made by about 300 Camanche Indians, who succeeded in "stampeding" some 350 head of stock, mostly the property of the government. The plan adopted by the Indians was, to rush on the camp, firing their guns, and uttering the most unearthly yells and shouts which you can imagine. This created a panic among the cattle, who tore off as if mad. The enemy was gallantly met by us. The engagement lasted about 30 minutes, in which three of our men were wounded, supposed mortally. Lieut. Love, who commands 100 men, ordered out 25 of them to pursue the Indians, and, if possible, retake the cattle. They overtook the enemy, and had a desperate engagement, in which five of our men were killed, and six wounded; three of these the doctor reports cannot live. Several horses were killed on both sides. The loss on the part of the Indians is sup-

posed to be large; they, however, as is their custom, succeeded in carrying off their dead. Four of our men were found scalped; one poor fellow had his scalp taken off and his ears cut off whilst alive, on another I counted sixteen wounds, mostly made by lances. These Indians were accompanied by some Mexicans, and it is supposed a few Americans were among them—(I trust this is not the case.) We shall remain here until reinforced.

The Camanches are the finest equestrians in the world. They will ride past at full gallop, and show our rifles no part of their bodies but one foot, which is hooked over the saddle; the rest of the body being hid by the horse. In this position they fire under the neck of the horse. In form they are perfect Apollos, and are considered the bravest and most warlike Indians on the continent.

When the government closes the Mexican war, it will find the punishing of this people quite a serious affair. The Camanches will have no great opinion of the power of our government, until they are made to feel it.



An American escaping from a Mexican Prison.

"The Heroine of Fort Brown."

The above is a representation of a female connected with the Army, known as the "Heroine of Fort Brown," or "The Great Western," engaged in furnishing the thirsty soldiers with hot coffee, at the action at Fort Brown. To some of the artillerymen, who were unable to leave their guns, the beverage was carried by this "ministering angel," and, as may readily be believed, no "belle of Orleans," much as she might be admired and beloved, ever met a more gracious reception. The fire of the artillery was kept up almost incessantly until dinner hour, when the good and generous woman again provided those who were almost utterly exhausted and worn out, a delicious dish of *bean soup*. She was ever to be found at her post; her meals were always ready at the hour, and always "the best the market afforded."

Interesting Incident relative to the late Captain Lincoln.

It is said that when the news arrived of the death of Capt. Lincoln, the "Heroine of Fort Brown" was much affected, and fell upon a chair and wept like a child. "You knew the Captain well, did you not, Mrs. Bourdette?" said a person present. "Know him!" said she, wiping the big tears from her bronzed face with her greasy apron. "Know him!—I did n't know any one else. It was he enlisted me six years ago, in Jefferson Barracks, shortly after my first husband joined the regiment—and we have lived together, that is, he has eat at my table all the time since. But, poor dear man, I must go and see to him this very night, lest them rascally greasers should strip him, and not knowing him, I could not give him a decent burial."

Off she went to the blood-stained battle-field, and sought among the dead and dying till she found out the corpse of the brave Captain, which she brought to Saltillo and had decently interred.

Your Attention is particularly called

TO A WORK OF GREAT INTEREST—JUST PUBLISHED—ENTITLED

Thunderbolt and Lightfoot:

Being an Account of the Robberies and Escapes of two Famous Highwaymen, together with an Account of the Life and recent Death, in Vermont, of a man reputed to be Thunderbolt.

An idea of the general Contents may be had from the following:

GREAT STIR IN VERMONT—Supposed discovery of the Famous Robber THUNDERBOLT, (alias John Doherty,) in the person of an individual recently deceased—Curious reports about jewelry and firearms being found among his effects—Account of his having lived as a Doctor in Brattleboro' many years—Letters from Brattleboro', written by a gentleman who was well acquainted with the Doctor—Account of the Doctor's first arrival in that region, about 1818—His personal appearance—Great mystery about the man—ABOUT THE DOCTOR'S CORK HEEL—Becomes celebrated as a Physician—His marriage—Engages in a saw-mill enterprise—More about the cork heel and the perished leg—Curious collection of articles found among his effects—SOME VERY MYSTERIOUS MATTERS—Account of LIGHTFOOT, (or Michael Martin,) the companion of Thunderbolt—His early life—Joins the "Ribbon-Men," or United Irishmen—Secret meetings—Falls in with an ingenious mechanic, who makes him a Master-Key, with which he begins opening locks—Robs his father's trunk—Emboldened by success, robs various persons—Gets into some roguery, which liked to have cost him dearly—Leaves his father's home forever—Commences a wandering life—Forms acquaintance with a fine-looking man at a tavern—Supposes him to be a clergyman—It turns out to be THUNDERBOLT the Robber—Thunderbolt advises Martin to join him, and "live like a gentleman"—Martin objects at first, but finally consents—Becomes initiated as a robber, and is christened as CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT—They proceed in their crimes—Robbery of four gentlemen on the public road—Pursued by mounted soldiers—Narrow escape in the city of Cork—THUNDERBOLT wounded in the calf of the leg, (*Picture representing the scene*)—Lightfoot cuts out the ball with his knife—Unable to travel—Lay by in the woods a few days—Proceed in their rascalities—Endanger the lives of a Judge and retinue, by taking the linchpin from the carriage axle—Man's leg broken—Rob a baronet—Rob the house of a Dublin gentleman, afterward kiss the ladies, and ride off—Commit robbery on the road—CAPTURE OF THUNDERBOLT, who is confined in a house—Lightfoot sets fire to the house, and Thunderbolt escapes in the confusion—*Picture of the house in flames*—Robberies in Dublin—Provides a poor man with the means to pay his tax, and robs the tax-collector on the road—After a series of robberies, (*see the book*,) all of a sudden THUNDERBOLT DISAPPEARS!—Mystery—Lightfoot shortly leaves for the U. S., expecting to meet his companion—Hires out with Mr. Derby of Salem—Engages in the beer business—News of his father's death—Steals a chaise—Goes to Quebec—Adventures at Three Rivers, Montreal, Burlington, Enfield, Boscawen, Concord, Salisbury, Newburyport, Portsmouth, Salem, Beverly, Boston, Medford, Springfield—Robbery of Major Bray---Trial—EXECUTION!

Price 12½ cts. To be had at Hall's, 66 Cornhill.

"We published the account of Thunderbolt, the highwayman, having died as a respectable physician in Brattleboro,' Vt., and though this has been pronounced a humbug, we have still had a tender leaning towards belief in the report."—*Boston Morning Post.*

"Having recently spent some time in Brattleboro' and vicinity, I felt a curiosity to inquire into the truth of this matter, [death of Thunderbolt,] and every *person* with whom I conversed upon the subject, *admitted the belief of the main facts of the story.*"—*Springfield Republican.*

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 011 899 109 6